The Sketch

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WIFE OF THE LEADER OF "WINGATE'S FOLLIES."

MRS. WINGATE, *wife of Brigadier O. C. Wingate, whose daring guerilla force of mixed troops—"Wingate's Follies"—kept the Japs in Burma on the run for three months, met her husband romantically on board ship in the Mediterranean when she was fifteen. Two years later they were married. Mrs. Wingate, now aged twenty-six, is the daughter of Mr. W. E. Moncrieff Paterson, of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, where she is now staying. The fertile ingenuity and brilliant exploits in Burma of her husband in many ways resemble those of Lawrence of Arabia, whose relative he is.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Once Upon a Time. A vivid recollection of a flower-like childhood is the first time I ever listened to a telephone. I must have been about seven or eight, I suppose, and I had often yearned for this thrill, but our household did not boast such a marvel, and it was in the house of a princely neighbour that I was given the treat—as a reward, I should like to think, for an unaccustomed outburst of good conduct. I remember that one had to rotate a handle vigorously and repeatedly, and that after a long interval a metallic and somewhat querulous voice replied; you gave the number, and then, after a still longer interval, you got it, or, much more probably, some other number. In that case, you started all over again, whirling the handle until you had better luck; or else you were completely ignored, and the rest was silence. It was an exciting performance, which made considerable demands on all concerned, and I have never quite lost its first fine rapture, though I must admit that sometimes other emotions prevail nowadays.

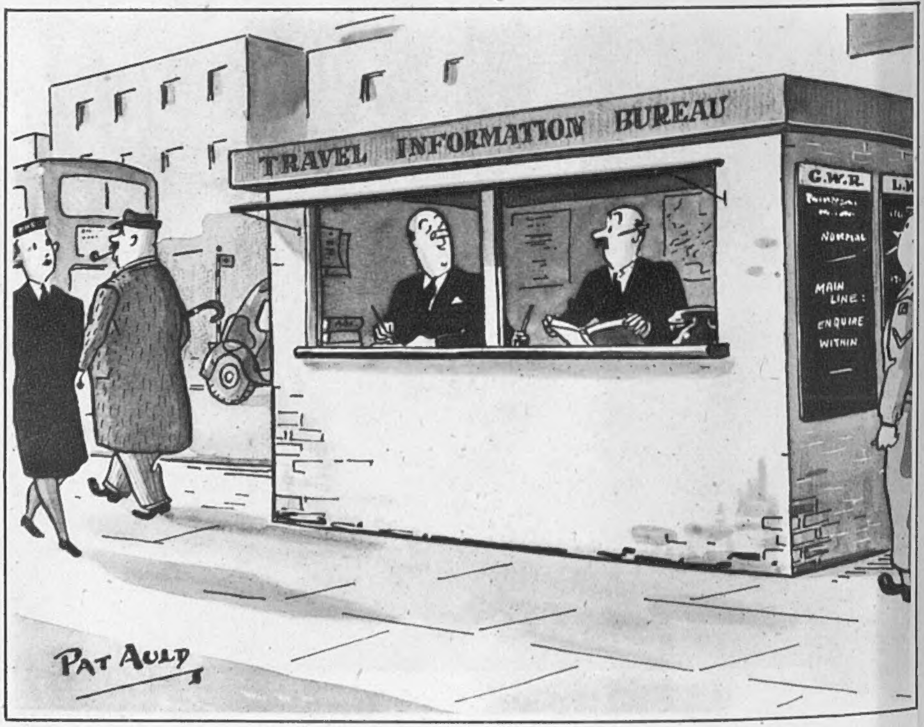
The Jealous Fire-watcher : "By Jove, Perkins, your suit looks as though it hasn't been slept in!"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Salt and Mustard-Seed. To this day the thing remains, as it was then, a mystery; for I do not understand, and I shall probably go to my grave without understanding, exactly what happens when I speak to a friend a mile, fifty miles, a thousand miles, or ten thousand miles away. In this mechanical age we live largely by acts of faith. We turn a switch and miracles happen, and we calmly accept them as commonplaces. I am not surprised, therefore, that the telephone and the radio are now developing new powers, which are openly admitted to be sheer magic. I read that it is now possible to be cured of your lumbago or your tummy-ache by telephone. You just ring up the doctor and describe the symptoms, and the rest is done by vibrations. A drop of blood and a few vibrations—that 's all that is needed, except, perhaps, a grain of mustard-seed, which is one of the most potent drugs known to science. Some may be disposed to add to the prescription a grain of salt as well, but that is a mistake, for mustard-seed and salt are irreconcilable antidotes.

Radio-Activity. These vibrations! As far as I can make out, everything is vibrations—you and I and all created things, "the earth and all that it inherit," and the whole procession of universes of which modern astronomers are so fond. It is said that when asked for a definition of the ether, a famous scientist replied that it was the nominative of the verb "to vibrate." (Evidently he had never been under an anæsthetic, or he might have found a simpler definition.) This perpetual agitation of everything is a very perturbing thought; in my opinion, it is responsible for a good deal of the notorious Modern Unrest. How can you expect calm and repose anywhere when every atom of everything is jigging about all the time? The jitterbug is out-jittered! However, there is nothing we can do about it, and I observe that some people are making new and ingenious uses of the vibrations. The other day a sergeant in Cairo proposed by radio to a lady in Liverpool. Interviewed, the vibratee declined to disclose her counter-vibrations, but there is reason to think that they were well attuned. Poetry, it is well known, is a whole orchestra of vibrations; and that accounts, no doubt, for another Great Lover who recently proposed by post after reading the compositions of a promising young poetess. They met for the first time at the altar, and there is every prospect that life will be one grand, sweet song.

The Wings of a Dove. I suppose Glamour must be a form of vibrations, too. I frequently read in novels that a "current" is established between the Chap and the Girl, and sometimes it is of such high voltage that I wonder why both parties are not electrocuted on the spot. Occasionally I have even felt that it would have been better for all concerned if that had happened; for instance, it is my secret, and doubtless very



"Just as a matter of interest, old man, what *were* the trains like your way this morning?"

DRAWN BY PAT AULD.

perverse, opinion that it would have saved Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler, not to mention a great many of their entourage, a lot of trouble. But these electrocuted people seem to go on with a surprising amount of vitality, and you never know what form glamour will take nowadays. I read, for example, with admiration, not unmingled with awe, of a twenty-four-year-old Sweet Girl Pilot who has 1,250 flying hours to her credit, who won her "wings" when she was eighteen, and who has taught 100 young men, in North Africa, the art and science of aviation. Now, that is what I call good, sound, practical glamour, but I just don't dare to guess what Queen Victoria and Alfred Lord Tennyson would have thought of it. However, it is all very right and proper; throughout the ages glamour-girls have taught young men to fall for them, and it is only fair that they should now teach them to fly for them. Happy landings, say I, and don't prang the bus!

The Glass of Fashion. But it has all got to be done by sheer vibrations nowadays, not by *décor* and adventitious aids. Belonging, as I unhappily do, to the grey-topper age, with what a shock do I read, in a description of Ascot, that "a number of the women race-goers wore slacks." But there is worse to come, for it is stated, in cold print, that there were "men in caps and corduroy breeches." Shall we some day read in the fashion appendix to Ascot that "Lord Notsohot wore a smart Sherlock Holmes deerstalker (a family heirloom), and Lady Notsohot's poppy and carnation slacks, elegantly cut from remnants of wall-paper, were much admired"? The new ration books point in that direction. That figure of mystery, the Official Spokesman (usually the Assistant Editor or the office-boy), has said darkly: "Neither the total number of coupons nor the time for which they will be available has yet been decided." In non-commitalism, this has all the qualities of a Statesmanlike Utterance. Indeed, it might almost be a Front Bench answer to a question by Mr.——, but you know who I mean! The chap who stokes the fires of Ministerial imagination.

Watch this Space. Having always regarded my ration book as a mystery, I am not surprised to learn that the recent issue has two new mystery sections. Everybody is speculating about the cabalistic word "Grid," which appears on page 2. It suggests electricity, and I think it must refer to more vibrations; it is only a question of time before *they* are rationed too—and why not, because I suppose all our food and clothes are vibrant; you have only got to look at a jelly (if you can get one) to see what I mean. There are also mysteries about tea and sugar. In the tea section there are coupons cryptically marked K, L and M, and in the sugar department there is an area of P, Q, R, S. My advice is not to bother very much about K, L, M, R and S, but, of course, you will have to mind the Ps and Qs. Don't, however, regard me as an authority, because the shameful truth is that I do not understand even the A B C of my ration book, which, indeed, I have rarely even seen. It is in far more competent hands than mine. When I have caught fleeting glimpses of it, it has looked to me like a sort of snakes and ladders game, and it has always warmed my heart to think of the fun that the officials must have in compiling it. Some men do cross-word puzzles, some do chess and bridge problems, some compile railway timetables, others learn Bradshaw by heart, some compile ration books, some measure the Pyramids, others draft Statutory Rules and Orders—and sooner or later, they all go nuts. Sad—but perhaps 'tis better so.

Poise and Avoirdupois. Another form of the Larger Lunacy is statistics. When once a man gets a taste for surveys, nothing will cure him of it. Surveys, tables and Blue Books are habit-forming drugs which have the most devastating effect on the human constitution. Whitehall teems with these human wrecks, and I see that one of them, evidently very far gone, is now proposing to weigh housewives in order to compile tables about the health of the nation. This is called "examining the trend of body weight," and we are to have quarterly returns of "average weight in relation to height and age in various sections of the population." At present, housewives, who certainly constitute an important industry, are not represented among these "sections," and they are going to be asked to repair to the local chemist and record their quarterly weight on a card. I suspect that the response will not be enthusiastic. A woman's weight is her own secret sorrow, for no woman since the dawn of history has ever been satisfied with her avoirdupois, which is always either too much or too little.

[Continued overleaf.

"You're three weeks and twenty-five minutes late!"

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Wife: "There are so many economy labels on this envelope I had to pay surcharge on it!"

DRAWN BY JAYCOT.

Continued.]

However, some patriotic housewives may be ready to sacrifice themselves for the entertainment of the Surveyors and for the support of the large staff of Civil Servants who will doubtless be employed in tabulating, filing, collating, pigeon-holing, and ultimately pulping, the results.

An R in the Month.

This question of what is crudely called "body weight" is not without its problems and its surprises. With what apprehension was the call to "eat more potatoes" regarded! The instincts of a lifetime had to be violated, and yet it would appear that starchy diet has not put too great a strain on the springs of the scales. I don't know how it may be with housewives, and I am not indelicate enough to inquire, but most men of my acquaintance testify that the more potatoes they eat, the more they shrink and shrivel. Let the Surveyors explain that; but I don't suppose they mind, because there are some hints that soon they will be telling us to reverse the policy and to eat more bread and less potatoes. They *do* confuse a simple mind with their expert advice, don't they? They are actually trying to persuade the public that you don't need an R in the month in order to eat pork with safety, with relish, and even with nourishment. This is going too far. There *are* those who doat on pork and grow lyrical about cracklings, but there are also those who eat arsenic with gusto. Chinamen may burn down their houses in order to roast pigs, but you will not get an Englishman to subject his digestion to this violent test without at least the protection of an R in the month. This is as sacred and as settled as Magna Carta.

Determined Bus-catcher: "I s'pose we got to queue up be'ind this lot till we sees a bus comin'." (DRAWN BY SILENUS.)

Ironsides. Superstition? There are certain ideas which you can call by that name if you like, but they are traditional beliefs which are entitled to respect. For example, it has long been recognised by military experts that a Bible carried in a soldier's pocket is the best form of bullet-proof protection. Thousands of lives have been saved by bullets, which would otherwise have gone straight to the heart, being deflected by Bibles. To make assurance doubly sure, however, the United States Army is now issuing steel-plated Bibles. It is a little disillusioning to find that armour-plating should be necessary, but, after all, there is such a thing as keeping your powder dry. In this connection, however, a jarring note is struck by the well-known incident of the Bad Lad of the Battalion, who was hit in the chest by a bullet which, in the orthodox manner, was lightly deflected by a bulge in his pocket; but, when the chaplain congratulated him, he produced a pack of cards, with some emphatic observations on the damage done to his means of livelihood. I do not know whether steel-plated packs of cards are being issued, but it would seem to be only fair that they should.

Show-Down.

Those members of the United States Forces—and I have reason to think that they are numerous—who are in possession of packs, or decks, of the Devil's Playthings, whether armour-plated or not, must be fascinated by the agonies of mind through which some of our Judges are now passing in trying to decide whether poker is a game of skill or a game of chance. At this moment of writing, the matter is still *sub judice*, and I do not wish to commit contempt of court by advising the King's Bench about its judgment; but I should like to make a respectful suggestion. If the learned Judges are in doubt, after considering all the authorities, I suggest that they have a quiet game one evening with a few friends of mine in New York, whom I shall be happy to name. They will then be in a better position to judge what element of skill there is in this innocent pastime. They will become better acquainted with the mysteries of the bust flush and the bob-tailed straight, and I guarantee that it will be a very illuminating experience for them. The Government, of course, will indemnify them for costs, overheads and incidentals, and I think a good time will be had by all.

Official: "Single, with fourteen kids to look after . . . what's your occupation?"
Smith: "Goat-breeder!"

DRAWN BY A. R. P. WELLAND.

Figure of Speech. The beauties of our language are never exhausted. My eye being caught by a headline "Jitterbug Ace was a Peg-Leg," my heart bled for the philologist a thousand years hence who was called on to interpret. In case you don't know, it means that a man who won a dancing contest had an artificial leg. Nothing like making it snappy!

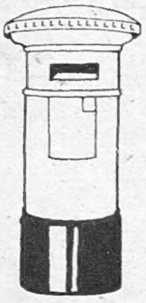
The sixty-fourth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"HAVE YOU BY ANY CHANCE NOTICED A YOUNG MAN WITH DARK EYES, IN KHAKI, AND WEARING ONE OF THOSE VERY SMART BÉRETS?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Faith and the Conductor really are engaged now and he has bought her a ring. I think they will be married soon, because Faith can't get domestic help, and she says she simply must have somebody in the house to bring her early-morning tea.

Of course, the Conductor no longer does housework for me, but I can't say I mind much. It was very exhausting having to keep him cheerful all day to stop him worrying about Faith and the Awful Dan; and Constance, the Duck, had learnt to climb the stairs and was getting on Charles's nerves.

The Conductor came round to thank me. He was almost speechless with gratitude. "I don't know what I can say to thank you, Henrietta," he muttered.

"Dearest Conductor," I said, "please don't say anything. I am so delighted that you are safely engaged at last, and if you take my advice you'll bustle Faith into Church and marry her as soon as you possibly can in case the Awful Dan comes back."

"I certainly will," said the Conductor fervently, and he bent down and kissed my hand. "Your hands smell of onions," he said, and then he went away.

A few weeks ago an edict went forth that all women under sixty who had done any nursing—even V.A.D.s—were to go and register. This created a tremendous stir among the housewives, who saw Release coming at last.

I must confess that I was as pleased as anybody, but Charles was very squashing about the whole thing. "My dear girl, they won't call you up," he said. "You've told me yourself that all you did in that hospital was to clean the lavatories."

"'Your hands smell of onions.'"

"It was an important contribution to the War Effort," I said.

"Besides," said Charles, "you're exempt. This is a Doctor's house."

"You're telling me," I said, and Charles said it was a pity I was so fond of picking up expressions from Bill and the Linnet.

All the same, I went to register in our Cathedral City, and a most enjoyable day it was. The bus was almost full of Housewives, and we kept on picking up more as we went along the road. Most of us hadn't had an outing for months, and there was a lot of chattering, giggling and fun. A good many of us had worked in the same hospital during the last war, and all the old jokes and anecdotes were brought out and waved like banners in the breeze.

"Do you remember Davidson's remark to the C.O.?"

Davidson, now the Lady of a Manor, and with six grown-up children, blushed.

"What was it?"

"Go on. You don't mind, do you, Davidson?"

"Well, it was in that awful Tent, and the C.O. was in one of his rages. Poor old Davidson was trying to sterilise some instruments on a thing called a Hot Plate——"

"Only it never got hot," said Davidson bitterly.

"The C.O. said, 'Hurry up, Nurse. Aren't those instruments done yet?' And Davidson said, 'No, Sir, but they're nice and warm!'" (Loud and sustained laughter.)

"Gosh! I was frightened of that man! When I meet him in the street now my knees absolutely knock together."

"I thought he was sweet. As a matter of fact, I had a tremendous crush on him. I told him so fifteen years later when he was taking out my child's tonsils."

"What did he say?"

"He was deeply gratified. I believe all the time he was craving for our love."

"Oh! Oh!"

"Do you remember the time Henrietta drew a caricature of him and was sent for to the Office?"

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'All that you do in this Hospital, Nurse, is to l-l-lampoon me.' Of course, he never saw my lovely lavatories."

"Henrietta was Dog's Body in the Hospital."

"And now she's Dog's Body in the W.V.S. Wars seem to do that to her."

"Funny if we all land up in the same hospital again."

"I've done so much nursing in my own home since then, I feel I might argue with the Sisters."

"Do you remember that billet where the goat slept on our beds? When Kennington complained about it she was given the sack."

"I'm told V.A.D.s are treated with respect and kindness now."

"It wasn't like that in our day. We were the pioneers of the V.A.D. movement, but as far as I know, this is the first time it has been mentioned."

"My husband is very upset about this register. He offered to clean the gas-cooker for me to-day."

"Fancy, one whole day off a week! And a fortnight's holiday a year!"

"I shan't go home for my holiday. If I did I might find I was expected to do the Spring Cleaning."

"'Hurry up, Nurse. Aren't those instruments done yet?'"

At the Labour Exchange we were not received with the enthusiasm we expected. A rather aloof Young Woman took down the details of our registration, but she showed unexpected kindliness and tact by referring to our Identity Cards for our ages instead of asking us to declaim the horrid truth aloud.

"Are you prepared to leave home?" she said to me.

For a moment I wrestled with temptation. Then I gulped and said, "Well, my husband is a Doctor."

"Then you are not likely to be called up."

"But I *want*——" I began.

"I know," said the Young Woman. "They all do. We've had more enthusiasm in this office to-day than we've had since the beginning of the war."

"It's the day off a week," I said.

"So I gather from my mother," said the Young Woman. "Any disabilities?"

"Only age," I said.

I considered this a rather witty answer, but the Young Woman was not amused. Afterwards I found everybody else had made the same joke, so I dare say she was a bit sick of it.

We all had tea in the Olde Worlde Tea-Shoppe and ate some execrable buns. It was rather like tea after a hockey match at school, but our high spirits were a little damped by anxiety about getting seats on the homeward bus. You see, we all had an evening meal to cook.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"'Are you prepared to leave home?'"

FERRY PILOT ON THE BOARD OF B.O.A.C.— MISS PAULINE GOWER.

COMMANDER PAULINE MARY DE PEAULY GOWER, *M.B.E., F.R.Met. Soc., Commandant of the Women Pilots Air Transport Auxiliary, was recently appointed by the Secretary for Air to the board of British Overseas Airways Corporation. Thirty-two-year-old Miss Gower, younger daughter of Sir Robert Gower, is the first woman to hold the "A" and "B" pilot's licences, and at the beginning of the war was District Commissioner for London of the Civil Air Guard. She holds a Second Class Navigator's licence, and the G.P.O. Wireless Operator's Certificate. With a two-seater light aeroplane, a present from her father, Miss Gower set up an air-taxi business with Miss Dorothy Spicer, another pilot, which went well for some years. Miss Gower has a grand flying record, and has piloted well over 30,000 passengers. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Tunbridge Wells, and in Paris.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WEARY as I am of films about airplanes, destroyers, Commandos, submarines, Gestapo officers, swastikas, Fifth Columnists, war correspondents and blitzes, I am surprised, as well as delighted, to be able to recommend wholeheartedly the new war film at the Leicester Square Theatre, Anthony Asquith's "WE DIVE AT DAWN." Mr. Asquith is a director whose work recalls the behaviour of the celebrated Little Girl with the Curl. When he is good, he is very, very good, but when he is bad he is horrid. In "We Dive at Dawn," he has brought to bear on a dramatic subject, a naval engagement, the felicitous touch and the observant eye of his human comedies, "French Without Tears" and "Quiet Wedding." "We Dive at Dawn" is that rare thing amongst war films, an action study in which the players talk, behave and react to circumstance like human beings. Not only are they familiar types, but they become, before the end of the picture, familiar people. In a lesser degree than Noel Coward in "In Which We Serve," but still in a very marked degree, Mr. Asquith contrives to show his submariners, in the stress of emergency, not only as sailors but as men.

The heroine of the film is the submarine "Sea Tiger"—Captain John Mills, Leading Seaman Eric Portman, Coxswain Reginald Purdell, Petty Officer Niall McGinnis. The crew of the "Sea Tiger" are suddenly recalled from the assorted celebrations and complexities of seven days' leave and sent off on a special mission to sink the German battleship "Brandenburg." Missing their prey in the Kiel Canal, cutting their way through nets and minefields into the Baltic, they engage the "Brandenburg" and apparently fail to sink her. Attacked by depth-charges, running short of supplies, the submarine is presumed lost, but manages to refuel on a Danish island and arrive, long overdue, at her home port, to find the bunting out and herself a heroine. That is all there is to the story, but it is enough to provide anyone who can integrate them with the bones of a saga. I would not say that Mr. Asquith's work is entirely integrated, but it will do very well. The episode with Eric Portman, a seaman with a chip on his shoulder, seems occasionally melodramatic and out of true. Mr. Portman, I feel, is miscast. A positive type, born to lead rather than to support, his future lies, I should say, with the sort of masterful types he played in "49th Parallel" and "Squadron Leader X."

John Mills, who is quite another sort of actor, is superlatively successful and at ease with his study of the submarine commander in "We Dive at Dawn." "Ease," perhaps, is not just the apt word for the nervous, sensitive performance he gives here. And yet ease is the heart of it—a fluency, a mastery of each aspect of the actor's technique. No two parts could be more different in style and approach than his Able Seaman in "In Which We Serve" and his Captain in the present work. Yet each has been fully comprehended, and each has been richly fulfilled. Mr. Mills is a great little actor whose range has never been sufficiently exploited in this country, and whom Hollywood—possibly to his advantage—has neglected too long.

Hollywood—dear Hollywood!—is its most vivacious, naïve and banal self in "SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT" (Tivoli and New Gallery). The something to shout about is a noo revoo, launched on Broadway in a patently unfinished state by a harassed producer (William Gaxton) and his blonde angel (Cobina Wright, Junior). When the angel has registered total failure in every branch of the histrionic art, the revoo is turned into a vaudeville show, and becomes an instantaneous hit, with the composer (Janet Blair) as leading lady, the Press agent (Don Ameche) as principal baritone, the handy-man (Jack Oakie) as compère, and the producer himself as principal comedian and chorus leader.

In addition to these assets, the vaudeville show, "Something to Shout About," has a dog act, and also Hazel Scott, the coloured pianist and hot singer. Personally, I have a prejudice, which the film does nothing to overcome, against all performing-dog acts, but Miss Scott's little piece found in me an ardent admirer. Her cajoling prelude to a blitz assault on the ivories, her honeyed rhythm, her odd, dark face, with its witching perplexities, seemed to me the thing best worth shouting about—possibly the only thing worth shouting about—in the whole darn show.

Speaking of coloured artists, the Empire may or may not be showing an all-negro fantasy called "THE CABIN IN THE SKY" at the time you read these notes, but if it is not, the piece is well worth noting down in your diary and watching for. "The Cabin in the Sky" is taken from a Broadway musical of some seasons back, and although the film retains a good many traces of its stage origin, there is much in it that is pure cinema, and even more that is pure rhythm and enchantment in any medium.

The concept is a curious mixture of religious fantasy and satire in swingtime. Vernon Duke's score, an admirable thing of its kind, ranges from lyrical, nostalgic melodies for Ethel Waters to hot dance numbers for Duke Ellington and his Band. The Hall Johnson Choir perform right alongside Louis Armstrong and his trumpet, and sandy-voiced Rochester, of the Jack Benny Half Hour, is equally at ease as a night-club masher or as a pilgrim climbing to the Pearly Gates. Little Joe Jackson (Rochester) is a good man, but a gambler. His wife Petunia (Ethel Waters) does her best with De Lawd for him. He can't help gambling, she explains apologetically. "He got a talent for gambling, but I keeps on praying he doesn't make money that way."

When Little Joe is shot in a saloon brawl and lies between life and death, Lucifer Junior (Rex Ingram), in a smart black uniform with the badge of the Hotel Hades, arrives promptly at the bedside to claim his soul. He is followed by a heavenly General (Kenneth Spencer), in white. The General has been specially commissioned by De Lawd to look into the case. "We received a powerful prayer from Petunia," he says, "It was the most powerful prayer we've received up there for a long time."

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "HEARTBREAK HOUSE." Revival—John Laurie, Edith Evans, Isabel Jeans, Deborah Kerr.

*Coliseum: "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN." Revue with Nervo and Knox.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker.

*Garrick: "BRIGHTON ROCK." Graham Greene's novel dramatised, with Hermione Baddeley.

*Globe: "THEY CAME TO A CITY." New Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

***Haymarket: "PRESENT LAUGHTER." Noel Coward's cocktail-time play, alternating with:—

**"THIS HAPPY BREED." Noel Coward's Little Man at Home

**Hippodrome: "LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.

*Lyric: "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS." Revival with Irene Vanbrugh, Nicholas Hannen, Barbara Mullen, John Stuart.

** New: BALLET. The Sadler's Wells Co. Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn. Constant Lambert conducts.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co.

*Phœnix: "LOVE FOR LOVE." Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Angela Baddeley, Leon Quartermaine.

*Piccadilly: "SLEEPING OUT." Farce. Gene Gerrard, Ellen Pollock, Gus McNaughton.

**Prince of Wales: "STRIKE A NEW NOTE." George Black's new revue, with the rising generation, and Sid Field.

**St. James's: "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgenev comedy perfectly done, with Michael Redgrave, Valerie Taylor, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "JUNIOR MISS." Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. Michael Wilding.

*Winter Garden: "THE VAGABOND KING." Revival—Webster Booth, Tessa Deane.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

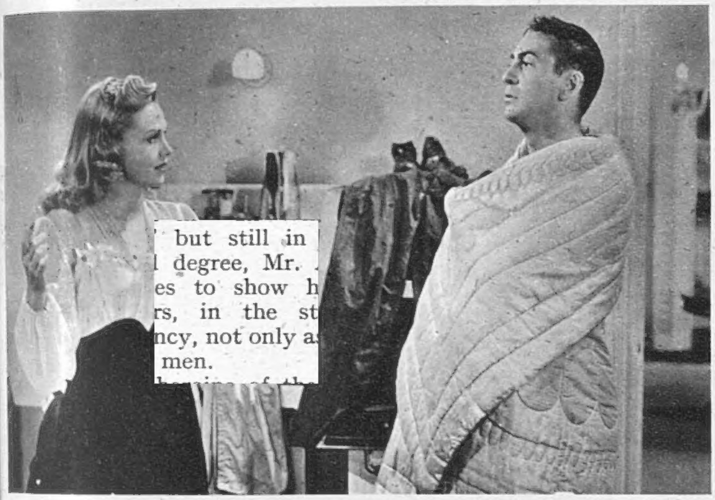
N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

Petunia, he adds, has always been in pretty close touch with De Lawd.

On account of Petunia's praying so hard, Little Joe is given six months more on earth to redeem himself. After that, if he doesn't reform, Lucifer will get him without further prevarication. For the next six months the soul of the convalescent Little Joe is a battleground of good and evil. The General has a powerful ally in Petunia. Lucifer, on the suggestion of the Ideas Men of the Hotel Hades, arranges for Little Joe to win a sweepstake, and invites a seductive saloon-singer (Lena Horne) to help him spend the money. The film ends as a triumph for De Lawd, as it should, and the revelation that the whole thing is a dream, as it emphatically shouldn't. A fantasy that winds so effortlessly and charmingly right up to the Pearly Gates, and gives us, as the stage never can, a promise of the darkie elysium, has no business to bring us down to earth so suddenly or so hard.

"Hello, Beautiful" (London Pavilion and Regal). Jerry Hendricks (GEORGE MURPHY), cameraman in search of a scoop, snaps a school-teacher in the arms of a drunk at a fair. Her sister, Kay Evans (CAROLE LANDIS), with ambitions to model at a store, storms Jerry's office and blackmails him into an introduction to John Robert Powers (ALAN MOWBRAY), big-store owner.

I would earnestly recommend "LENIN IN 1918" to all students of the Soviet régime, and particularly to those who like



Paramount's "Salute for Three" (Plaza, June 4), a song-and-dance musical placed in Manhattan Canteen, recreation centre for Service men, co-stars BETTY RHODES as Judy ly recalled fr(er, and MACDONALD CAREY as the hero, Sergeant Buzz Mcd celebration ortant featured player is Dona Drake, of whxities of severe of pictures in this issue.

nd sent off on a

expansive and to sink the documentation for their money. "Lenin in 1918hip "Brandes good two hours and a quarter, and even then forn their prey in t only one instalment of the full Lenin dossier. The first instalment, "Lenin in October," has already been shown in this country, and I am told that the Soviet studios plan a complete series of films showing Lenin at various periods of his career.

Twentieth Century-Fox's "Girl Trouble" (Gaumont, Haymarket) stars JOAN BENNETT as June Delaney, rich girl turned poor, and DON AMECHE as Pedro Sullivan, millionaire's son. June pretends to be a housemaid and leases her own flat to him. At a party he finds out the deception, an "old friend" makes trouble; there are difficulties over a rubber deal; but the situation clears happily towards the end.

The present film deals with the critical years at the end of the last war, in which Lenin was engaged in a fight, not only with the Germans, but with White Guards, and dissentients inside the Communist Party. As in the earlier film, the name-part is played by B. V. Shchukin, who has made a speciality of the Lenin rôle, both on the screen and in the Soviet theatre. His performance is based, we are told, on accounts by Lenin's contemporaries of the great man's physical characteristics, his movements, gestures and tricks of speech, and has been modified, to some degree, since the original impersonation, to meet the criticisms of Lenin's widow. Mikhail Romm, director of both the Lenin works, is a zealous biographer who cares less for the pictorial effect of his canvas, the composition of his images, than for the vivid effect of a personality, an account of the individual in relation to his circle and environment. Romm is a portrait-painter, and although the major portrait is naturally Lenin, there are explicit sketches, too, of Stalin, Gorki and others. Leaving the experts to decide whether these sketches are uniformly accurate, I can only suggest that they seem to me conscientious and convincing. "Lenin in 1918" is an impressive picture with the stamp of authority, though I hardly think it does much to entice an audience not already eager for Soviet films.

"High Explosive" (also in the Plaza programme, June 4) is a war picture starring CHESTER MORRIS as a truck driver transporting nitro-glycerine to war factories; JEAN PARKER with him—this is their fourth film together—and BARRY SULLIVAN.

"HELLO, BEAUTIFUL" (London Pavilion and Regal) is primarily designed to introduce to the world America's fabulous Powers Girls. If you don't know who the Powers Girls are—and, of course, if you want to know—go see this picture, and you will be able to follow their training and career in glamorous detail. Another reason for going to "Hello, Beautiful" might be to see George Murphy, an optimistic fellow who always seems to find something good, even in poor material. Anne Shirley and Carole Landis are the professional actresses in the cast, Miss Landis as a fictional Powers Girl, and any number of genuine Powers Girls are about the place, some of them speaking Real Lines.

ADMIRAL LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, *Chief of Combined Operations, and* LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN *attended the première of "We Dive at Dawn," in aid of the R.N. Benevolent Fund.*

WING COMMANDER W. RUDD *was judge of the ankles competition at the garden party held by plotter W.A.A.F.s of a Fighter Command Station in connection with "Wings for Victory" Week.*

Right: AIR MARSHAL SIR T. LEIGH-MALLORY *(centre) in conference at Fighter Command H.Q.* GROUP CAPTAIN R. N. McEVOY, AIR VICE-MARSHAL W. B. CALLAWAY, AIR VICE-MARSHAL C. H. K. EDMONDS *and* AIR COMMODORE C. P. SPACKMAN *are left to right.*

WING COMMANDER GUY P. GIBSON, D.S.O. *and Ba* D.F.C. *and Bar, leader of the raid on German dam has been awarded the V.C.*

GROUND PRACTICE FOR R.A.F. AIR GUNNERS. *The gunners are in turrets on the ground, training at quick turning towards and aiming at the 'plane flying overhead.*

"Sunday With the Stars" was presented at the Guildhall, Cambridge, for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. BEBÉ DANIELS *is distributing flowers to the audience while she sing with the American Air Force band.*

GRAVE AND LIGHT-HEARTED, WORK AND PLA

...nes pai..ed on Cheltenham promenade during "Wings for Victory" Week provided ...art stu...nts of St. Mary's Training College with subjects, and expert critics watched them work.

The christening of the infant daughter of CAPTAIN LORD CARRINGTON, *Grenadier Guards, and* LADY CARRINGTON *took place at the Guards' Chapel. The child was named* ALEXANDRA.

Left: MISS VIRGINIA KEILEY *has been seen in the West End recently in "Miss London, Ltd." and is now working in a new musical comedy, "Bees in Paradise," also for Gainsborough Pictures.*

Right: MISS JEAN LORIMER *(in private life Mrs. Ward Gough, the wife of Lieut. Gathorne Ward Gough, R.N.V.R.) is the author of "Pilgrim Children." Her baby boy was born in the same week that her book appeared.*

MISS FAITH BROOK, *twenty-one-year-old daughter of Clive Brook, the film star, broke off her film career in Hollywood to join up, and is now doing her basic A.T.S. training at a centre in Western Command.*

The marriage of LIEUT. TIMOTHY LLEWELLYN DAVIES, R.N., *to* MISS SYBIL ELSIE LEVERSON, W.R.N.S., *elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Basil Leverson, took place at St. Peter's, Vere Street.*

OTABILITIES OF THE WEEK AND THEIR DOINGS.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

BRIGADIER O. C. WINGATE, D.S.O., of Abyssinian fame, penetrating deep behind the Japanese lines in Central Burma, carried out a daring three months' campaign with a mixed force of British, Indian, Gurkha and Burmese troops. The plan was General Wavell's. Fifty miles behind the enemy lines in the dark Burmese forests, with a whole bewildered Japanese division busy hunting for them, his force wrecked the Mandalay-Myitkyana railway, destroyed railway bridges, and blocked the Bongyaung Gorge by starting a landslide. Supplies were dropped to them with complete success by the R.A.F. The men labelled [Continued below.

R.S.M. C. R. BAKER—*for being the A.T.S.'s own Sergeant-Major, and featuring in their film "The Gentle Sex."*

REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR C. R. BAKER has drilled thousands of A.T.S. recruits, to whom he is known as "our own Sergeant-Major." His unit is the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, and, an old regular soldier, he enlisted in 1926.

BRIGADIER ORDE CHARLES WINGATE, D.S.O.—*for putting the wind up the Japs in Burma for three months with his mixed guerilla force, "Wingate's Follies."*

Continued.] themselves "Wingate's Follies." Brigadier Wingate is a relative of Lawrence of Arabia, whom both in features and exploits he resembles. A portrait of Mrs. Wingate is on our front page.

MRS. SAY—*for the "mental twist" which in six weeks enabled her to read complicated engineering drawings with the speed and accuracy of an expert.*

MR. RHYS DAVIES, M.P.—*for asking whether the export of treasures to America included the Prime Minister!*

F/O. "SCREWBALL" BEURLING, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. *and Bar—for receiving four decorations for gallantry in the defence of Malta and saying he enjoyed every minute of the fight.*

R.Q.M.S. ARTHUR BRITTAIN—*for employing a couple of soldiers to keep a check on his 11-in. moustache, the pride of the Eighth Army.*

MRS. J. SAY is one of the Ministry of Supply girls whose grasp of detail and retentive memory have been put to good use. Her job is to read complicated engineering drawings of tanks, and to be able to break up the main parts and identify the smaller parts for preparation of lists on which depend the maintenance work on tanks engaged in actual warfare. Her speed and precision after six weeks' experience amazed her instructors, who thought it was not "women's work," and her departmental manager, who says she has a "mental twist" for the job.

APROPOS a comment made in the House of Commons on the "steady drain of the richest art treasures of this country to the United States," Mr. Rhys Davies, Labour M.P. for West Houghton, pertinently inquired: "Does the export of treasures to America include the Prime Minister?"

FLYING OFFICER "SCREWBALL" BEURLING, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. and Bar, is back in England and in the news again. He went to Buckingham Palace recently to receive the four decorations, all won for his part in the defence of Malta, and told the King: "I enjoyed every minute of it, Sir."

THE moustache of R.Q.M.S. ARTHUR BRITTAIN, measuring 11 in., is the object of a weekly check by his men, who feel that he has created a record for the Eighth Army. He has had plenty of time to spend in the nurturing of this fine waxed specimen, for he is a regular soldier who has spent sixteen years in overseas service. Sergeant Brittain is a man of Kent.

The family party at Stanmore: (l. to r.) The Deputy Premier's eldest daughter, nineteen-year-old JANET, *Sergeant in the W.A.A.F.;* MARTIN, *aged fourteen;* FELICITY, *aged sixteen;* MR. *and* MRS. C. R. ATTLEE, *and "Mary," one of Martin's two pet goats.*

THE RT. HON. CLEMENT RICHARD ATTLEE, P.C., Labour M.P. for the Limehouse Division, has been Deputy Prime Minister and Secretary of State for the Dominions since 1942. During the absence of Mr. Churchill on various flying visits relating to the Allied conduct of the war, in Washington, Russia, Egypt, or Casablanca, his mantle with its formidable duties falls upon the able shoulders of Mr. Attlee. In 1922 the Deputy Prime Minister married Miss Violet Helen Millar, daughter of the late Mr. H. E. Millar, of Heathdown, Hampstead. They have one son and three daughters, the youngest of whom, Alison, absent from our photographs, is recovering from a bad bicycling accident. Mr. Attlee was born in 1883, was educated at Haileybury, and University College, Oxford, where he took Second Class Honours in Modern History. He was called to the Bar, Inner Temple, in 1905; he was tutor and Lecturer in Social Science at the London School of Economics, 1918-23. From 1914-19 he served in the South Lancashire Regiment and Tank Corps (Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, and France), and retired with the rank of major. He has held various Government and Ministerial posts, and was Lord Privy Seal 1940-42. He has published several books on social questions; his recreations are lawn tennis and golf.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.

Though he was spending only a few leisure hours away from Whitehall with his family, Mr. Attlee's "badge of office"—his dispatch case—was in constant use out in the sunshine of his Stanmore garden.

THE DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER AT HOME: MR. ATTLEE.

STUDENTS WHO HOPE TO GROW INTO STARS:

Transforming youth temporarily into age: Mr. Edmund Gray making up one of the students for "Women at War."

"Women at War," a costume piece with many female characters, is a Royal Academy of Dramatic Art production.

Sir Kenneth Barnes, Principal of the R.A.D.A., and Miss Rose Bruford, a teacher, watch first-term students in mime tests.

Mr. Frederick Ranalow taking a junior class of first-term students in Shakespeare.

"Lady Scholes," in her costume for "Women at War," adjusts the helmet of "Dunois" in the Academy production of "Saint Joan."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART has been the training-ground for some of our most distinguished actors and actresses, including Charles Laughton, John Gielgud, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Vivien Leigh, and though in wartime its ranks are much depleted and the students consist almost exclusively of young girls, the Academy carries on. Sir Kenneth Barnes, brother of the famous Vanbrugh sisters, has been the Principal of the Academy since 1909, and classes are [Continued opposite.

Dame Irene Vanbrugh, President of the I Have Known" to

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

THE YOUNG IDEA AT THE R.A.D.A.

Mr. Edmund Gray (left) watches second-term students rehearsing their first play, "The Maitlands."

Second-term students, under Miss Margaret Oughton, rehearse the first act of "George and Margaret."

Miss Phyllis Bedells instructing a class in elementary ballet and character dancing.

A fencing class under the direction of Mr. Ernest Foreschlen. This exercise trains in balance, grace and poise.

...giving a talk on "Actors and Actresses ...e of R.A.D.A. students.

Continued.]
taken by such distinguished artists as Mr. Frederick Ranalow, famous as Captain MacHeath of "The Beggar's Opera"; Miss Phyllis Bedells, the dancer; and many others. The annual competitive performances held in the early spring were honoured by the presence of H.M. the Queen, and in spite of wartime difficulties the standard of acting was extremely high. The school normally has an attendance of 250 students, but under war conditions this has fallen to about 150.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.

Two of the students act as dressers to a comrade and help her into a Tudor costume from the Academy wardrobe.

DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW
OF ANDERSON OF THE FIRST ARMY.

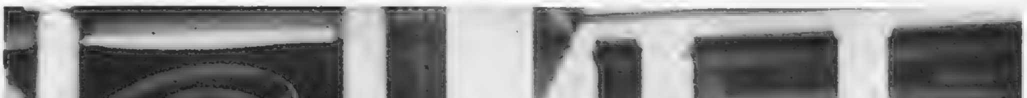
MRS. KAPLOWITCH *is the only daughter of General K. A. M. Anderson, Commander of the First Army, who launched the final drive against the enemy in North Africa which resulted in the conquest of Tunis and the complete destruction of the German and Italian forces in Africa. She is a second subaltern in the A.T.S. and is with an A.-A. battery. Her husband,* MAJOR KAPLOWITCH, *is in the British Army.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARE.

GENERAL MONTGOMERY *and* LADY KILLEARN, *wife of H.E. the British Ambassador, sitting with* LADY FREYBERG, *wife of General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., at the New Zealand table at the Embassy garden-party.*

MONTGOMERY THE VICTORIOUS IN CAIRO.

IT will be remembered that when GENERAL MONTGOMERY, of the world-famous Eighth Army, paid a flying visit to Cairo last month he made a surprise appearance at a garden-party which H.E. the British Ambassador and Lady Killearn (formerly Sir Miles and Lady Lampson) gave for officers and men repatriated from Italy, and talked with these former prisoners of war, many of whom wore hospital blue, as they were suffering from the effects of severe wounds. He thanked them in the name of the Eighth Army, and recalled its "bad times and good times." Lady Freyberg is the wife of General Freyberg, Commander of the Second New Zealand Division, to whom the Commander of the German 90th Light Division surrendered. Sir Miles Lampson was raised to the peerage in the New Year's Honours List, but his title of Baron Killearn of Stirling has only recently been gazetted.



GENERAL MONTGOMERY *talking to an Australian, who was one of the repatriated prisoners of war from Italy who were entertained by Lord and Lady Killearn at the British Embassy garden-party.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MISS EDITH SITWELL has made an anthology of aphorisms relating to poetry and the other arts, with annotations and comments by herself. She calls it " A Poet's Notebook." It is a great privilege to be given a bouquet of blooms plucked from the garden of this most gifted poet, their hues and perfumes intermingling to form an analogy or metaphor for the character of her own work—from which such colours and scents are seldom absent. Chosen from writers of all ages, loosely gathered together under general headings, the aphorisms expand or modify each other's meaning; and, taken together, they reveal Miss Sitwell's conception of the nature of poetry far more spontaneously, and perhaps no less exactly, than would a precise definition.

The poet (I think she would say) is not an ordinary human being with ordinary perceptions, but gifted with extraordinary powers of expression; he is an extraordinary human being whose poetry is the record of a vision vouchsafed to him alone, but communicable. With her, the quality of vision in poetry is of supreme importance; the words in which it is clothed are secondary. She quotes Dr. Johnson's dictum that " words are the daughters of earth, and things are the sons of heaven." A fine poem cannot be manufactured out of fine words, even if sense and emotion are there to reinforce them, should vision be absent; whereas the commonplace, trivial and even silly words of a nursery rhyme may achieve poetry if, as often happens, they convey a meaning that transcends ordinary experience. Real poetry is fourth-dimensional; and the poet's mind is not so much a reasoning faculty as " a central sense interpreting and controlling the other five senses." Controlled and interpreted they must be, for, as Blake (who, perhaps, comes nearest to being Miss Sitwell's ideal poet) observes, " I look through my eye and not with it."

Children and Birds.

Her enjoyment of poetry, then, is mystical and æsthetic. It must be beautiful and it must transform. For Wordsworth, " when the Pentecostal Flames came . . . . the ordinary objects of life became supernatural. The common celandine was still the common celandine, but it was also a star." At other times he " walked through an everyday world made splendid by the light of a genius which illuminated, but did not transform." She does not, I think, care much for the element of self-expression in poetry; she looks for a universal, not a personal, emotion; one that is inspired by something outside the poet, not by something within. " To know how cherries and strawberries taste," said Goethe, " ask children and birds." In her appreciation of folk songs and nursery rhymes, Miss Sitwell says, " I, for one, am both child and bird "—and one might add, in her own poetry, too. For her poetry has a child's direct perception of concrete phenomena, a perception to which all the senses contribute, sometimes changing places with each other (a smell may easily seem " warm " or " cold " to a child); and it resembles a bird's song in being at once impersonal and universal, but distinctive and recognisable—not a song without words, but one in which words have the quality of notes, and a music no less important to the poem than their intrinsic meaning. This is Ben Jonson's " utterance beyond a mortal mouth," which she regards as essential to true poetry. Oddly enough, the two metaphors of child and bird are used by Milton in his reference to Shakespeare:

> Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

But the bird's song, though simple in one way, is intricate in another. It gets its effects from variations in texture, from the speed at which the notes follow each other and from the sound getting broader or narrower. What texture means to poetry Miss Sitwell demonstrates in her " Notes on Shakespeare "—a most fascinating and original contribution to the study of prosody—and in the two lovely poems which, closing the book, show how triumphantly she can combine principle and practice.

MRS. DONALD McCULLOUGH, wife of the B.B.C. Brains Trust question-master, recently opened a children's " Wings for Victory " garden-party and fair at Ashton Sandford, near Aylesbury. The Manor grounds provided games and sports, an auction, teas and a treasure hunt, with a show of fashion down the ages and competitions for the grown-ups. The fair was organised by Mrs. Cameron Macpherson, wife of Colonel Macpherson.

Terrorism in Czechoslovakia.

" The Dead Look On " is a short novel based on, and written to commemorate, the massacre of Lidice, the village in Czechoslovakia chosen by the Nazis for exemplary punishment when one of their pro-consuls had been assassinated. In Mr. Gerald Kersh's story, the clue of the motor-bicycle, on which the guilt of Dudicka (as he calls the village) was supposed to rest, turns out to be completely false, and the officer in charge of the operations was informed of this before the massacre began. But he took no notice; for the purposes of terrorisation one village would do as well as another. This is one of the most shameful facts in a story so appalling that one hesitates to recommend it, except to such as do not realise what German occupation may mean to a conquered country. The laws and customs of civilised behaviour are suspended or reversed. Every man aged seventeen and upwards is shot; every woman of sixteen or more sent to one " camp," presumably for enforced prostitution; and the children, packed like sardines in a lorry, where several of them died, are sent to another. With one exception, who is speedily liquidated, the officers responsible for these atrocities display a depravity of heart and a lust for cruelty which make them forfeit the title of human beings.

Their victims, on the other hand, are human enough. Mr. Kersh does not make the artistic mistake of representing them as faultless: we gather that they are quick-tempered and prone to the sins of the flesh, but their natures are warm and sensitive, and in the heroism with which they confront their terrible ordeal there is small trace of the apathy of despair. Again and again Mr. Kersh contrasts the constructiveness of their outlook with the orgy of destruction let loose around them. They care for their walnut-trees and their hereditary skill in glass-making hardly less than they care for each other; and the scene in which the great bowl is broken is not the least painful in this most painful story.

Propaganda and Reality.

Mr. Kersh's main subject is the massacre, but personal interest is lent by a love-story which long escapes the general doom and adds the tortures of suspense to the horrors of certainty. He is a writer with an unerring eye for the dramatic detail and the ironic twist. I think it was a mistake to put in an imitation of the " echo scene " from the " Duchess of Malfi "; and here and there we find exaggerations which suggest that he is determined to extract the last ounce of horror from his theme. And his style, effective as it is, has the sharp tang of journalism, rather than the aroma of literature. But in his way he is an artist, and though " The Dead Look On " must be classed as a " propaganda novel," it never defeats its own end by losing touch with reality, however ghastly that reality may be.

Another World.

" You Go Your Way " is a story that might have been written about a different race of beings dwelling on another planet, so unbridgeable is the gulf that separates the massacre at Dudicka from the round of pleasures with which Bill and Connie Crowell, spoilt darlings of Fortune, begin their début into matrimony. Connie was very rich and Bill made money as a stockbroker; their circumstances decline from luxury into comfort during the great slump of 1929, but they soon recover, and the only problem for the happy pair is how to remain happy and in love with each other. For a time they fail, because Connie held Shelley's theory that " love grows bright gazing on many truths." Cheever was not a very nice truth, and Bill could hate him with a good conscience; but Julian, his successor, was an excellent fellow: indeed, there was a time when the two men almost succeeded in making common cause against their lovely tormentress. Connie, however, was convinced that she could never be happy until she had added divorce to marriage, and her husband, who never ceases to be in love with her, comes to agree.

This is the subject of Miss Brush's story, and she never departs far from it. A certain monotony of presentation is almost inevitable; the secondary characters (Bill tries feebly to console himself with Frances) are hardly more than lay figures, and the conversational brilliance of which they are all capable only serves to make them seem the more alike. But how amusing they are, in the best American tradition; and how carefree their existence, in spite of its hang-overs and headaches, and occasional heartaches. Though we are not meant to take these latter seriously, there is much to admire in the civilised attitude Cupid's victims adopt towards each other; beneath the barrage of their quick-firing tongues their good manners are invincible: they are never rude, or cross, or cruel; they never miss a point, or make a repartee stronger than the occasion calls for. Frivolous they certainly are, but their relationship is based on an eternal truth of human nature which saves them from being futile.

Murder in a Hospital.

In " The Black Thumb," an American detective story of which the scene is laid in a hospital, the dialogue is almost equally bright, despite two corpses, one very messy, and moments of considerable horror. " The only real way to tell a democracy," observes one of the characters shrewdly, " is how the police behave." Miss Conyth Little's policemen are not very remarkable; most of the credit of the investigation goes to Miss Norma Gale, a nurse on the hospital staff, burdened with her duties, and also with what seems like an unrequited passion for Dr. Lawrence. As often happens in detective fiction, the interest slackens somewhat after the murders have been committed, and the solution of this original and diverting story leaves us satisfied, but not enthusiastic.

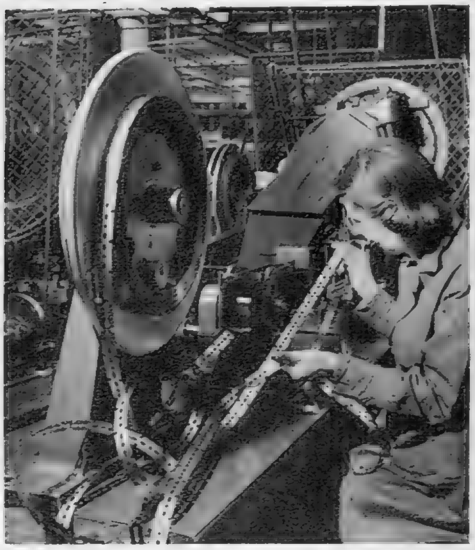
BOOKS REVIEWED.

A Poet's Notebook. By Edith Sitwell. (*Macmillan*; 10s. 6d.)
The Dead Look On. By Gerald Kersh. (*Heinemann*; 7s. 6d.)
You Go Your Way. By Katharine Brush. (*Cassell*; 7s. 6d.)
The Black Thumb. By Conyth Little. (*Collins*; 7s. 6d.)

ONLY A DAILY MILLION. THOSE RARE RAZOR BLADES!

These steel coils will be transformed into razor blades when the factory is through with them.

This girl can drape herself in razor blades without fear of getting cut, as the edges have not been sharpened, hardened or honed.



This strip of blades is running on a machine which perforates and stamps to shape 540 a minute. The steel is still soft.

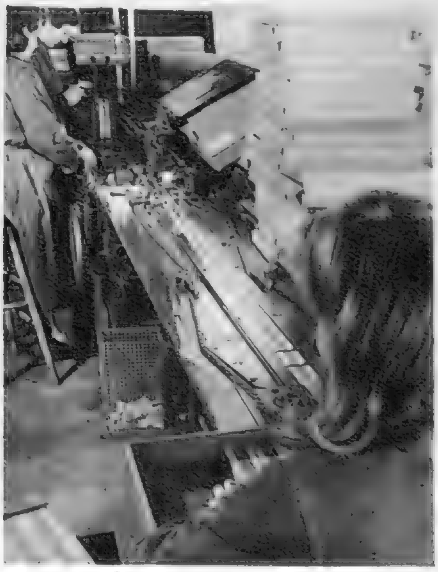
And here the strip of blades is passing through a solution to remove acid after the name and trade mark have been etched on each.

MAN can't live without his razor blades any more than woman can carry on without her fully-fashioned stockings—or can't they? At all events, the razor-blade problem is agitating the male sex very considerably to-day. These pictures give some idea of the work which is needed before the blade can come on the market, and shows what skilled hands are required to produce it. In 1939 some two and a half million razor blades were turned out per day, whereas now the output has dropped to a mere daily million!

The grinding process is important. It brings the blade edge down from six to three thousandths of an inch in thickness.

Microscopic examination of the edges. It has taken this girl six months' intensive training before she can carry out the job.

Final inspection is another skilled job which takes place under a mercury discharge lamp and reveals minute defects.



These girls are operating the wrapping-up machine, which does up 1200 blades every minute!

FROM WAR TO WAR: "THE LIFE

Brilliant young British officers of 1902: Lieut. Clive Candy, V.C. (ROGER LIVESEY) *and Lieut. Hopwell* (DAVID HUTCHESON), *heroes of the Boer War.*

Edith Hunter (DEBORAH KERR), *British governess in Berlin and official "reason" for Clive's duel, finds him bandaged, but all thumbs-up.*

"THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COLONEL BLIMP" is due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on June 10. It 's written, produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. Clive Candy first appears as a Boer War V.C., and later gets into trouble by fighting a duel in Berlin. The Foreign Office insist that Edith—not anti-British propaganda—be announced as the reason for the row. She eventually marries Clive's opponent, Theo, who has become his friend. Clive fights in the 1914-18 war and does well, but begins to show Blimpish tendencies. He marries and—like all England—forgets the war lessons. In 1939

[*Continued opposite.*

Clive as the complete Colonel Blimp.

Colonel Blimp is deeply surprised and shocked.

He registers amazement and disgust.

Colonel Clive Candy stands (ANTON WALBROOK) *before*

After Dunkirk, General Clive Candy has been relieved of his command. Theo and his young friend Johnny, an M.T.C. driver (DEBORAH KERR), *suggest that he join the Home Guard, as leaders are needed there.*

Total warfare on a Home Guard exercise! "Spud" Wilson (JAMES McKECHNIE) *and his men seize the club. Johnny, under the desk, is vainly trying to get through to Clive in the Turkish bath.*

ND DEATH OF COLONEL BLIMP."

Good sportsman of 1918: Major Clive Candy goes to the internment camp for German prisoners in search of his old friend Theo.

Clive and his bride, Barbara (DEBORAH KERR), vow, in 1918, that they will not change until their house is demolished and a lake occupies its site. The batman, Murdoch (JOHN LAURIE), listens.

Continued.]

he is a General and Theo an anti-Nazi refugee. Clive is "bowler-hatted" after Dunkirk, but joins the Home Guard. The great shake-up of his life occurs when, on Home Guard exercises, his opponents use "total warfare" methods by starting the "war" earlier than scheduled and surprising Clive in the Turkish bath. He is furious, but, at the last, realises that the new, tough Young Army's way is the only method of winning. When he sees an emergency static-water tank where his house once stood, he recalls his vow never to change until his house was demolished and a lake occupied its site. The prophesy is fulfilled.

...ty for his old friend Theo ...Aliens Board in 1939.

Colonel Blimp suspects horrid treachery.

Clive has not moved with the times.

More shocks for Colonel Blimp Clive.

...live, furious at "Spud" Wilson's "lack of sportsmanship" in applying total ...arfare methods to the Home Guard exercise, throws him into the swimming-bath and tries to duck him.

General Clive Candy, Home Guard, feels that his career is now finally over. Theo and Johnny try to make him see that total warfare as practised by the Young Army is the only way to victory.

JANET BLAIR as the lovely Jeannie Maxwell, song and dance artist, who makes the vaudeville show go.

FUN, SWING, ROMANCE IN "SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT."

"SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT" is the new picture produced and directed by Gregory Ratoff, with songs by Cole Porter, at the Tivoli, Strand, and the New Gallery. It's a riot of fun, romance and beauty, with Cole Porter music, and Russian Ballet numbers, concerned with the adventures of a Broadway stage producer and his turbulent team. The show is financed by Donna Davis, who can't sing, dance or act, and to keep her off the stage on the first night the producer arranges a frame-up. Unfortunately, Donna gets out of gaol, and wrecks the show by playing lead. Everything comes right in the end though, and a good time is had by all.

Members of the Ballet Russe, who appear with premier danseur David Lichine.

LILY NORWOOD *with* DAVID LICHINE *in one of their ballet sequences.*

Left: LILY NORWOOD, *dancing partner of David Lichine in the Russian Ballet numbers. She hails from Texas.*

Right: JANET BLAIR *and* DAVID LICHINE, *of the Russian Ballet, giving a Spanish dance in one of their sequences.*

STARLET BY THE SEA: DONA DRAKE AS HERSELF.

PARAMOUNT'S very young featured player, DONA DRAKE, has an important rôle in "Salute for Three," which comes to the Plaza on June 4. The cast list bills her in her own name, and as herself she leads an all-girl band which supplies the music to the canteen scenes. For the first time in her screen career Dona is allowed to appear in dresses. In her début picture, "Aloma of the South Seas," she wore a sarong; "Louisiana Purchase" found her in abbreviated tights; "Road to Morocco" gave her diaphanous harem trousers, and in "Star-Spangled Rhythm" she wore short shorts. It took her five pictures to get into a normal dress, just as it took Dorothy Lamour five years to discard her sarong and play "straight."

I HOPE YOU WON'T READ THIS.*

By HARRY HEARSON.

PRESENTLY he will come through the clump of oak-trees on the ridge, and for a moment he will be silhouetted, like the stroke of a blunt pencil, against the deepening blue of the evening sky. That is why I am writing this on the table by the lattice window of my cottage, so that I can see when he is coming, for I must finish writing before he arrives.

He will come down across the long slope of the hill, seeming to move slowly, like a fly crawling across a green carpet. But if I pick up my field-glasses I shall be able to see his face, for they have very powerful lenses. And perhaps I shall read there something of his intentions before he drops out of sight between the deep hedges of the grass-grown lane which skirts the foot of the hill. He will follow the lane, which wanders down the valley bottom to meet a rough stone bridge squatting across the stream and then doubles back to climb past my front garden.

I shall hear the latch of my garden gate, and I shall look up, and he will be coming up the path. . . .

Peter Huxtable. What shall I say about him ?

That he is well known ? If you haven't met him you've almost certainly seen pictures of him in the illustrated papers. He is usually shown with Lady Huxtable and a spaniel "in the grounds of their charming country home, where, etc., etc. . . ."

That he is a manipulator of money ? You have only to read the financial columns of the daily Press to know that.

That he is a pillar of the Church ? Have you not read his letters to *The Times* on the moral decadence of modern youth ?

That he is honest ? But everybody knows that. He is a transparently honest man. I have often thought, though, that it is a hard transparency, like glass, and that if anybody tried to break through it they might cut themselves rather badly on the fragments.

Peter Huxtable is a thief.

He stole £2,000, and more, from his employers.

But he has never stolen since, for he has a queer notion that Providence guided his steps to Clem Dawson, the one lawyer clever enough to get him out of his trouble, and he argues that a stupendous stroke of luck such as that is enough for any one lifetime.

He calls it luck. But I don't let him forget that it was I who sent him to Clem Dawson. If it hadn't been for me, Peter Huxtable would have been a convict.

Instead of which he is a Justice of the Peace. The Englishwoman whom he married soon after he arrived in this country comes from the right family, and his sons went to the right school. And in due course he was given a knighthood.

Sir Peter Huxtable, J.P.

It looks strange when you write it down like that.

Peter's hair is grey now, but when I knew him first, on the other side of the ocean, it was corn-gold. He is almost violently respectable now, but when I first knew him he was a wild lad. The only characteristic that remains unchanged in him is a quiet but rather frightening determination that nobody shall ever stand between Peter Huxtable and Peter Huxtable's happiness and well-being.

Not that he is vindictive. Were he so, I should not be living here in this cottage, happy in tending my garden and my bees and poultry.

For, in spite of his grand friends, Peter isn't too proud to remember a woman, now perhaps past her prime, but who was close to him in those wilder, sweeter days of youth. Once a month, for years past, he has come over the hill to pay me a visit in my humble cottage and talk over old times, and to bring me a sum of money that enables me, with my modest requirements, to live in happiness and comparative comfort.

I am, I believe, the only person now living who knows Peter's secret—or should I say secrets ?—and sometimes, on these visits of his, we re-live the old events, and he always pretends to be amused by my silly reminiscences.

"Do you realise, Milly," he said once, "that about half-a-dozen words from you in official quarters could wreck my whole life ?" I laughed gaily, I remember, and turned the conversation to some other subject.

But to-day, for some reason, I feel nervous.

Just lately the visits haven't been quite the carefree, happy reunions they used to be. For one thing, Peter lost a lot of his money a few months ago, and he began hinting at discontinuing his monthly contribution. When I told him I couldn't possibly live without it, he looked at me in a way that really frightened me, but seeing that I was scared he passed it over and pretended not to notice anything unusual.

All the same, I had lost that comfortable feeling of permanence which I had come to look on as my right.

And then, a few days ago, I saw in a newspaper that the stocks of Peter's firm had slumped rather badly. With the earlier loss, this means that he will be left with barely enough income for his own family. But then, as I pointed out to him the last time he came, he will have something—including an aristocratic wife—whereas I have nothing beyond a little odd pocket money I make now and then by writing.

And, like an old woman will, I cling to my simple pleasures. I could not bear to give them up. And why should I ? Soon the snapdragons and the sweet williams and the cornflowers will be flaunting their colours in the little square bounded by the blood-red screen of my fuchsia hedge. Before long, the first combs of honey, warm and sweet, will be ready in the hives. . . .

But how I run on. You will not be interested in an old woman's trifling hopes and pleasures.

I must tell you that things didn't go too happily with me after Peter left Canada, and it was many years before I was able to follow him to England.

He didn't recognise me at first. I suppose twenty-odd years of suffering in one form or another does tend to alter one's appearance a bit. But as soon as I mentioned Clem Dawson he knew I was speaking the truth.

It wasn't that he'd forgotten about me—even Peter could scarcely do that—but he just couldn't believe his own eyes.

No, Peter knew who I was all right, and when I told him I hadn't any money and wasn't strong enough to earn a living, he seemed quite distressed. At least, I was charitable enough to suppose that those were his feelings. He said I must come and live somewhere near him. Not *too* near: he explained that tactfully, and I quite understood. Just near enough for him to keep a friendly eye on me. And he made me promise to live quietly and not make myself conspicuous in any way.

I suppose some women wouldn't have stood for it, but I'd got past all that. All I wanted was peace and quiet, and not to have to worry about where the next penny was coming from.

So he found the money for me to have this old place renovated. It is quite isolated. It used to be a shepherd's cottage, I believe, and there are no other houses in the little valley. The only people I see at all regularly are the farmer's lad who brings me my milk and butter, and so on—and I don't often see him, for he's usually come and gone again before I am awake ; and the tradesmen in the market town away over the hills, where I go to do my shopping about once a fortnight ; and the postman, who uses the lane as a short cut. I have a little private arrangement with the postman by which, if I have any letters to post, I leave them in the hollow of an old tree at the corner of the lane. He always looks in there as he goes by of a morning. And that, I think——Ah ! . . .

Yes. It is Peter. He has just come out of the clump of oaks. I must look at him through my field-glasses. . . .

He has paused for a moment on the ridge, and is looking down towards the cottage. What is he thinking ? His face seems set, and his hands are gripped tightly. Even through the glasses I can sense their strength. Peter always had powerful hands and wrists. Once, in the old days, when we had had a quarrel, he took me by the throat, and for a horrible moment I thought. . . .

But I am straying again.

He is starting to come down the path. Some dreadful fascination makes me want to keep him in view through the glasses all the time. But that I must not do.

There ! I have put the glasses down again, and Peter has shrunk to the size of a fly crawling across a green carpet. It is better like that. He will be life-size quite soon enough. More than life-size, perhaps. I see him again, bending close, ever closer over me, his hands at my throat, his face growing larger and blurred like a rapid close-up on a cinema screen.

No, no ! I am wandering again.

I must finish this and put it in the envelope.

The envelope is all ready beside me here. How my silly old hands are trembling. I have addressed it to the Editor of *The Sketch*, who has been kind enough to publish one or two little things I have written in the past, and who can be relied on to do the right thing. But I am being childishly foolish, meeting trouble more than half-way.

Half-way. Peter is more than half-way down the hill now. I have only a few more minutes.

When I have folded this up and put it in the envelope I shall wait until he is out of sight between the hedges of the little lane, and then I shall hurry out and put it in the hollow of the tree, where the postman can find it to-morrow morning.

Then I shall come back and sit here in the window, pretending to read a book.

I shall hear the latch of my garden gate, and I shall look up, and he will be coming up the path. . . .

Perhaps, after all, everything will turn out all right, and we shall have our usual little chat, and laugh again over old times, and Peter will tell me that he can manage to go on finding the money. If so, I shall collect the envelope from the hollow in the tree after Peter has gone, and no harm will have been done.

But if you have read this, you will know . . . you will know that I am dead, and, God forgive him, that I have died at my husband's hands.

THE END.

***All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.**

pocket wise

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WOMEN IN WARTIME

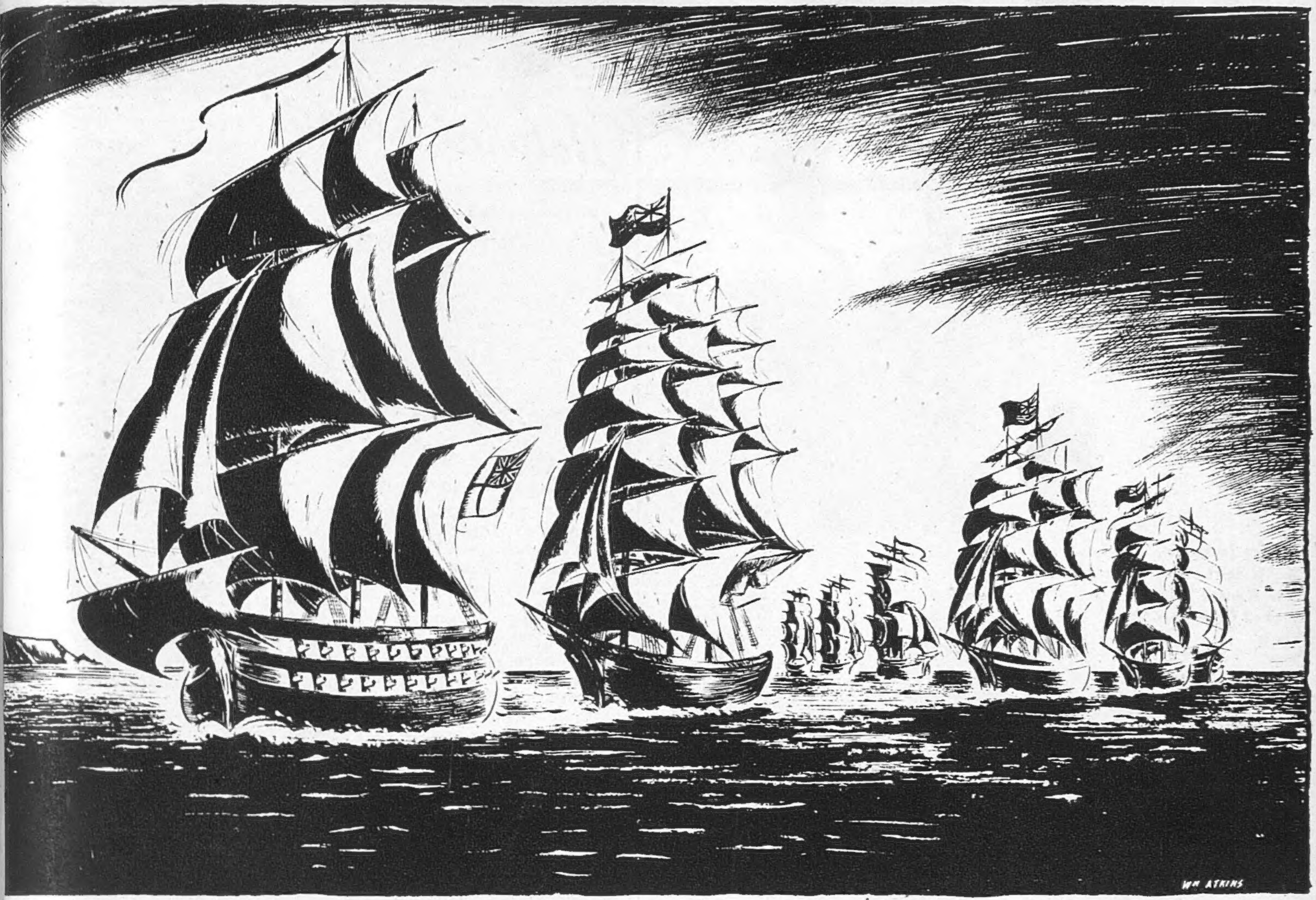
THE IMPORTANCE OF COLOUR

THE SHORT EVENING DRESS

PRACTICAL ECONOMY

IN the new collections, if so they may be called, colour and simplicity are very important. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are making a feature of House Coats which are a glorified version of the time-honoured wrapper: they are semi-fitting, with full skirts. The model above has been designed by this firm. It is an artistic study in orange and black; naturally, it is available in other shades. It buttons through and is decidedly simple and well tailored. Another strong point in its favour is that it may be slipped on in the fraction of a minute and does not become easily crushed. Here are likewise to be seen some lovely washing-satin wrappers. They are cut on Princess lines, hence they are flattering. A feature is also made of maternity fashions, to say nothing of accessories for convalescents.

THERE is no doubt that women are practising economy in every possible way. They have to buy less, but—especially where fashion is concerned—they invest in simple and practical raiment. It is in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, that the short evening skirt and blouse may be seen: they may be purchased separately. The former is carried out in black satin and tailored on becoming lines. The latter is of chiffon in black and colours. There are many variations on this theme; among them the pleated skirts and blouses for country wear must not be overlooked. There are also plain Garibaldi blouses; jewellery is permissible. It may be a pearl necklace or a clip; it breaks the monotony of the scheme.



An artist's impression of a convoy in the days of the Napoleonic wars, showing a third rater flying the white ensign escorting East and West Indiamen down channel to the Scillies. There the convoy would break up and the Indiamen proceed independently.

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